

save that shit

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save that shit

by [aquariuslester \(bloodyscarab\)](#)

Summary

dream leaned back in his chair.

"i don't give a fuck about anything, actually."

george is quiet and obedient. that's probably why he can't stand that dream guy in his english class.

enemies to lovers high school au [COMPLETED]

Notes

each chapter is named after a lil peep song; i would recommend listening to that song while reading that chapter!

BIG UPDATE: A SEQUEL IS OUT RIGHT NOW ITS IN THE SERIES

gucci mane

"clay, please sit down and be quiet. i'm in the middle of a lesson."

the tall boy rolled his eyes and sat on his desk instead of his chair.

"you know that's not what i meant." the teacher's voice was tired and annoyed. she just wanted to finish her lesson, the clock showing she only had a few more minutes to explain the homework.

"i didn't hear you say i couldn't sit on the desk. i'm not disrupting anyone." his voice was low in his voice and confident, cocky even. he was so used to everyone just obeying what he said and did. he *was* the highest in the student hierarchy, known as dream for some inappropriate reason most students didn't remember. he was just always *dream*.

"you're disrupting george. he can't see when you do that."

the small boy flinched at his name, realizing he had been called. he taught himself to zone out whenever dream was doing something stupid in class.

he heard dream's chuckle, sighing to himself. the last thing he wanted to do was attract that idiot's attention.

"i'm sorry, i don't want george to miss out on his education," he responded as he faced the other boy, his voice dripping in sarcasm. "he's a smartass anyway, he doesn't need to see whatever you're teaching."

george let out a huff of anger at his comment, trying not to make eye contact with his piercing green eyes. why did the teacher have to bring him into dream's fucked up fun? he wasn't a smartass, dream was.

"language, clay. i'm about to write you up. go to the office. take your things."

george smiled as dream was finally defeated. the bell was about to ring, but at least he didn't have to walk out of the classroom behind dream's empty backpack and obnoxious energy. anything to avoid him.

"fine, but i'm the only one keeping these motherfuckers awake," dream responded, slinging his backpack over his shoulder. as he turned towards the door, he looked at george and winked. it made george sick to his stomach.

he looked back down at his notes, thinking it was over until he heard the same annoying voice.

"see you after school, sweetheart," dream called to george before he was pushed out into the warm air outside by the teacher.

george's cheeks flushed red when he heard some people laughing under their breaths at the comment.

dream was known around the school for a couple reasons, one of which being his reputation as a horny teenage boy. he goes through boyfriends like they're sheets of paper; he fills them up with whatever and then throws them away when he's done with them.

whether people were laughing at dream's actual reputation, or the fact that he flirted with boys

exclusively, everyone who wasn't involved with him laughed when something like this happened, when he showed interest in someone. he liked pushing people out of their comfort zones.

of course, george didn't find it very funny.

george got into his car in the parking lot of the school, slumping into his plush seats. there was something he hated about school every day, although he couldn't quite place his finger on what it was. as he heard a car pull out from behind him and speed down the street, he realized what it was.

it was the people.

speaking of which, the car directly next to him started, the engine low and roaring. he was about to ignore it when he realized someone was trying to get his attention through his closed windows. he rolled them down to see dream's face, a bright green hood covering his forehead in shadows. his sandy-colored hair peeked out from under the fabric.

"hey babe," he started. he ran his fingers through his hair under the hood and george smelled something pungent and foreign coming into his car through dream's.

"don't try it, dream," the other boy responded, turning to throw his backpack into the back seat and buckling his seat belt. "i'm not interested."

"awe, is little georgie mad i blocked his view in class?"

george rolled his eyes, his slender fingers wrapped tightly around the steering wheel.

"go back to smoking weed and fuck with someone else," he sighed, the smell of smoke coming from dream's car starting to give him a headache. he let go of the wheel to rub his temples with his fingertips. dream's laugh echoed through his head and only made him more irritated.

"you know i can't do that, baby. you're too cute to ignore."

george hated the way dream was so good at making people feel like they were worth something. he hated that he was feeling little butterflies in his stomach and throat as he felt dream's eyes piercing into his skin.

"fuck off. i'm not gonna fuck you just so you can get your dick wet."

"but you would fuck me if it wasn't for that." it was a question but he said it like it was a fact.

"i didn't say that. go fuck with someone else."

george sighed and rolled his windows up before dream could say something stupid again. he started his car and backed out of his parking space. he didn't like that dream actually made him feel something.

it wasn't fair.

shiver

george walked into english class the next day with his hands clammy against his notebooks.

after his encounter with dream, it made him nervous to be there, to have to see dream and risk feeling those same feelings around everyone else. what really made him nervous was that he was feeling those feelings in the first place.

the bell rang loudly as he sat down and he was relieved to see that dream's seat was empty. the teacher was about to start talking when she was interrupted by someone opening the door.

"clay, you're late."

"yeah, whatever. be lucky i'm even here at all. i'm just here for george."

everyone in class laughed. everyone except for george and the teacher.

"well thank you for thinking i wanted you in class at all. i'm gonna go ahead and explain what you'll be doing for the rest of the semester. and please keep your love life out of the classroom."

she turned to her desk and grabbed a thick stack of papers. she faced the students again and gave a quizzical glance at george's bright red face.

"as you know, the end of the semester is in a few weeks. as your final project, i will be splitting you into groups of two to work on writing an imaginary next chapter to the book we've been reading so far. i want as much detail as possible, and i need you and your partner to split the work evenly, or you will be marked down. now, i already created your pairs, so i'll read them out now. when i say you and your partner's name, please sit together."

the class let out a collective groan when the teacher mentioned the predetermined groups. students across the classroom looked over at their friends, hoping the teacher had paired them together by some random chance.

george looked down at his desk and prayed there was some kind of odd number of students in class where he could ask to work by himself. he hated group work.

he looked over at dream, his legs kicked up on the desk while he looked at his phone.

especially when he was in class with people like that.

the teacher started listing pairs of names. minutes were going by without a mention of george. he was getting a pit in his stomach. he hadn't heard dream being called either. a horrible thought crossed his mind. if he was *actually* paired with dream, george was going to have a breakdown.

"george and clay."

fuck.

george was in a state of shock. he didn't look up from the wood patterns on his desk when he heard dream drop into the desk right next to him. *oh god.*

"hey baby," he heard in his left ear. the hairs on the back of his neck stood up and he only hoped the rest of the class couldn't see the blush creeping onto his cheeks.

fortunately, the rest of the groups had already begun talking to each other since dream and george were the last ones to be called. dream leaned closer to the frozen boy's ear in his usual cocky arrogance.

"what are you scared of, pretty boy? *scared to work with me?*" he whispered. george's cheeks were now bright red and his eyes were wide and beady. dream's breath on his neck made him shiver and he could have sworn the other boy was doing this on purpose.

"I-let's just get to work," george muttered, turning to avoid looking at the boy next to him. his mind was running too fast.

this was going to be a long final.

interlude

the words were still echoing in his head from a few days ago.

"let me give you my number. we're gonna need to meet up this weekend and get some work done."

he was honestly surprised at the way dream seemed to actually care about the work. maybe it was just because it was the final. maybe it was george.

either way, george was sitting on his bed, playing with his phone in his hands. dream was supposed to be coming over in the next few minutes to supposedly work on their project.

how would dream act when they weren't at school, when there wasn't the immense pressure of dream's reputation on both of their shoulders? would he be any different? would he be ruder? nicer? less fucking flirtatious?

george heard a car pull into the driveway and took a deep breath. whatever was going to happen, the older boy wasn't exactly thrilled or ready for it.

the door was already unlocked and dream let himself in, making his way into george's room and dropping his backpack at the door. it was actually filled with supplies.

"hey," he said, his voice subdued and even soft. george watched him stand awkwardly in the middle of the room. he was *normal*. well, he was awkward and clumsy, but he was *normal*. like, george normal.

"hi," he responded, patting the space on the bed next to him. any anxiety he had about the boy with him in his room alone completely fizzled away. dream sat next to him on the very edge of the bed, like he was too nervous to sit too close.

"you can sit closer," george laughed. "i don't have cooties."

"good to know." dream still had a bit of his dry humor about him. he scooted closer until their legs were touching. the contact made george gulp, staring at the connection point.

"s-s-so," he stuttered, "what do you wanna start on?" his eyes widened as dream moved a hand over to his own thigh, tracing patterns on his black skinny jeans.

everything suddenly felt very stuffy. it felt like george was wearing too much, felt like his jeans were radiating excess heat like in the summertime. he felt like he was too warm next to dream's equally warm skin. he ran his fingers through his brown hair. he was thinking too much, thinking about dream. thinking about how when he called him baby and his voice oozed like warm honey. thinking about when dream's breath grazed the side of his neck and he saw stars.

he was thinking about how dream was acting so different.

in class, he was obnoxious, loud, disruptive. he walked around like he owned the damn school. it seemed like no adult or student could tell dream what to do. he talked when he wanted, left class when he wanted, gravitated towards people when he wanted. he smoked when he wanted, he had sex when he wanted. as much as george had a bitter dislike for the way dream lived and acted, he was always bitten by a pang of jealousy. dream got whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted, however he wanted. he wondered what a life like that would be like for someone like him.

dream noticed george staring off into nothing and waved his hand in front of the other boy's face.

"george?"

dream had never said his name before. he was always calling him babe, or baby. or pretty boy. he even said georgie. but never *george*. and it felt like his name just belonged in his mouth. he never wanted to hear his own name so badly from someone else's lips.

god, he was desperate, he thought to himself.

george shook his head a few times, blinking and turning to face dream with a pink face.

"...yeah?"

"are you okay?"

george debated doing something, hopping into dream's lap, pushing him down on the bed. he debated begging him to say his name over and over again until his lips were numb. he wanted to tug off his stupid green hoodie, wanted to run his fingers through his stupid hair, wanted to press his pretty lips against his stupid ones, he wanted to see what else his stupid mouth could do besides interrupt class and be an asshole to everyone. he wanted, no, he *needed*, to see what those stupid hands could do besides hold cigarettes and blunts. he *needed* to see what his stupid mouth tasted like, whether it would taste like the bitter tang of nicotine in his cheeks or the warm sting of alcohol on his tongue.

he was fed up with hearing about dream's stupid reputation. he wanted to see what made that stupid idiot so damn cocky. he wanted to break whatever it was. he wanted to crush it and destroy it and make dream cry when it was gone.

"never been better."

fucked up

Chapter Summary

smut warning! but it does have plot also

Chapter Notes

y'all have been so happy with the fic so far so i wanted to drop this smut a little early!
love y'all and hope you like it!

after george returned to himself, he became somewhat stiff and quiet, like he always was at school. dream could tell he was thinking about something, and he desperately wanted to pry his head open and see what was bothering him.

as much as he promised himself to act different around george, his cocky attitude crept into his throat, wanting to say something annoying. something to get the boy riled up. he wanted to see him blush when he called him names and see him fiddle with his hands in his lap while he couldn't bring himself to make eye contact with dream towering over him.

it made him feel powerful, and he knew george wanted to play along. he already was.

"can you focus? i'm trying to explain what we're doing." his tone was high-pitched and irritated. it sounded like how he was at school, but there was a strained tension in his words, like every syllable was struggling to make it out of his mouth.

"i am focusing," he murmured, looking down at george's plush lips. they were pressed into a tight line, making the curl of his cupid's bow more pink and pronounced. he wondered how those lips would feel against his when they weren't angry at him.

"no you're not. you're looking at my lips." his voice was still strained, but he let out a frustrated sigh through his nose and his lips moved to an impatient pout.

"well, what's wrong with that?" dream's head was fuzzy, the feeling of the previously unknown tension pressing on his chest.

in a sudden movement, george lunged forward and pressed his lips against dream's before pulling away quickly and slapping him across the face.

"because you made me do that."

george noticed that dream was in shock. his cheek was turning pink where george had slapped him, but his lips were curled into an evil smile. george wasn't sure what he had just done, or what had even possessed him to make any move at all.

"i knew you wanted me." dream's voice was small, gritting his teeth against the sting on one side of his face. the burn was painful, but he almost liked it.

george rolled his eyes and crossed his arms.

"oh shut up."

dream brought his hand up to his cheek, feeling the burning heat engulfing the right side of his face.

"aren't you gonna apologize, baby?"

"no."

dream laughed. he wanted to grab george by his throat and pin him down on his bed. he wanted him to beg for his life until he agreed to apologize. no one slapped him. especially some smartass twink.

without warning, george lunged forward and had dream under him, his hips pressed against dream's as he tried to keep the stronger boy from taking control. his wrists were in each of george's smaller hands, the thickness of dream's arms swallowing the boy's palms. he was completely at george's will. as much as he hated being like this, he was curious what the other boy had in mind.

"don't you dare touch me. i'm gonna treat you the way you deserve to be treated." george's voice wasn't his own. he was never like this. something about the situation presenting itself like this was making him act differently. *it was making him act like dream.*

he leaned down to dream's neck, allowing his lips to graze the skin without making full contact. his breath tickled dream's neck as he continued.

"i'm gonna break that cocky little attitude you have."

dream smiled and rolled his eyes.

"i doubt that."

george huffed. he wanted to make some sort of smart comment, but he couldn't find any. his brain was empty. dream was looking down at him with his hands obediently above his head, his fingers wrapped around george's metal bed-frame. his hair was messy and the hood he had over it was falling down behind his head to his neck. he was chuckling, his tongue pressing against his teeth. *he really didn't believe him.*

the smaller boy moved his body down lower until his hands were wrapping around the waist of dream's dark jeans. dream sucked his stomach in in surprise. he watched, dumbfounded, as george pushed the button out of the fabric and dragged the zipper down with his index and thumb finger so softly, so gently.

"this is what you wanted, isn't it?" george pushed the rough clothing down to dream's knees. "you wanted me at your mercy, doing whatever you wanted with me?"

the taller man gulped as george let his hand brush against his bulge, palming him through his boxers. he bit his lip so hard he tasted blood.

george wasn't done.

"i bet you want me to deepthroat you, to press my nose into your abdomen. you want to watch me choke and gag while you have my hair in your fist, nearly tugging it out of my scalp. you want that, don't you?"

he smiled to himself as he watched dream shut his eyes and throw his head back. he pressed his palm harder against him through his underwear and the other boy flinched, his abs tightening as he let out a shaky gasp.

"stop fucking teasing me, george." his voice was low and husky. his grip on the metal bar above his head was tighter, turning his knuckles bright white.

hearing his name in dream's mouth again made george's stomach flutter. he pulled the other boy's underwear down to where his jeans were and pressed his lips against the head of his dick.

the warm feeling of george's lips made dream's head spin. he wanted to pull his hands down and do exactly what george said. he wanted to grab that brown head of hair and make him choke. he wanted to see tears in george's dark eyes when he looked up at him through his eyelashes and begged him to stop.

but he couldn't bring himself to do it when george lowered his head and let dream's dick hit the back of his throat. he was having trouble breathing but at the same time, he loved the feeling of his lips wrapped around dream. at least it shut him up.

"g-george, please." the desperation was palpable in his tone. he wanted to move his hands, his hips, anything.

the other boy exhaled through his nose and slowly pulled his head back up, letting his tongue drag up against the bottom of his dick. he felt something surge in his chest when he saw dream breathing heavily and arching his back lightly.

he pulled away completely and the other man whined at the loss of contact. george began removing his own clothes, letting them drop to the floor as they left his body.

"fuck, george, you're so beautiful."

the smaller boy's hands faltered. *what did he just say?*

he suddenly felt very warm. he wasn't expecting something like that.

"...what?"

"i said you're beautiful." dream chuckled. "what, has no one ever told you that before?"

george turned to face him, climbing back into his lap.

"n-no."

"well you are."

"s-stop," he murmured, unexpectedly embarrassed. he wanted to shut him up, he didn't plan for him to try to charm him. it would have made him sick even days ago, but he felt a spike of warmth in his words. it felt like he was actually being genuine.

"can i touch you?" dream's voice was gentle and sweet. he was nothing like he was in public.

"...yeah."

dream brought his hands to george's hips, but he was holding him like he was made of glass. his palms rested on his hip bones, dream's tan skin offering a sharp contrast to george's porcelain skin tone. he pressed his fingertips into george's soft sides.

george smiled and snapped out of his trance, leaning down to kiss dream softly. he moved his hips against the other boy's while he stared directly into those light green orbs that scared him to look at any moment before.

george pulled one of dream's hands off his hip to put two of his fingers in his mouth. he sucked on his index and middle finger, maintaining eye contact through his eyelashes.

"god, you're so hot," dream murmured absentmindedly. he was so focused on how george looked sucking his fingers and sitting naked on top of him that he didn't really acknowledge the words coming from his mouth.

george hummed before taking the fingers out of his mouth and pressing them against his hole. dream gasped and pushed in his fingers in deeper, pulling him in for another kiss.

when they pulled away, dream pressed their foreheads together as he watched george's eyes roll to the back of his head. as that happened, dream pulled his fingers out of him and smirked at the other boy's whine.

"please, dream," he whimpered. he arched his back against dream's touch, trying to create some kind of friction.

"don't call me dream, baby," he whispered back, using his free hand to hold george's jaw.

"call me clay."

Chapter Summary

opening up time

dialogue heavy

"hey, baby?"

george grunted, his eyes shut as he curled into dream's chest.

"are we gonna finish the final today?"

the other boy responded by shaking his head. the last thing he wanted to think about was the fact that the two of them had to still finish an entire final project together. he just wanted to stay warm in dream's arms, falling asleep to his heartbeat.

"george?"

"yeah?"

"it's nine."

"at night?"

dream chuckled softly. "of course at night, you idiot."

george stretched his arms and sat up slowly. he rubbed his eyes with his knuckles and faced the boy next to him. somehow, he had managed to sit up and take up some of what they were trying to work on while he was asleep.

"you were working? you could have woken me up. you didn't have to do all that without me."

"i didn't wanna disturb you." there it was again, dream's small voice. he didn't want to disturb him sleeping as if he hadn't just fucked his brains out hours before.

"i think you've done that enough already," george chuckled, turning to get off the bed but feeling sharp pains in his legs.

"dream what the fuck did you do to me?"

"you know, you don't have to keep calling me dream," the taller man replied, easily dodging the question while he helped george stand.

"i know. but... it feels weird to call you clay."

"why? that's my name."

"yeah, but," george hesitated, unsure of what he was going to say next, "everyone knows you as dream. including me. only the teachers call you clay."

dream sighed and smiled. he wrapped his arms around george's waist and kissed him softly.

"yeah, but i lived a whole life before i was dream. i'm *clay*. i'm clay right now and i'm clay whenever i'm walking around at school. i'll never *not* be clay."

george just stared at him. he didn't know what to say.

"b-but you don't act the same at all. this isn't dream right now. you're not sweet when you're dream. you make fun of me and disrupt class."

dream moved george's hair from his eyes and traced his jaw with the tip of his finger.

"you don't think *you're* the one making me act different?"

the air was chilly as dream and george walked to class together. they stepped in unison, dream looking down with unusual admiration for someone like george. george's eyes were glued to the pavement they walked on, simply too anxious to look up at any one else. dream had driven him to school since his car was in george's driveway all night.

what were all the students thinking? are they looking at them together? what do they think happened? will they be spreading gossip about them? was dream even being genuine last night? was he really walking next to *clay*, or was it still dream? would he be just as much of a nuisance? was he going to draw more attention to the two of them? *was he trustworthy at all?*

how did george know he was different and not just another body for dream? his post-orgasm mental security had long since passed, and he was growing nervous that this might just be something temporary.

he wasn't sure if he was more ashamed in himself for thinking dream would be different for him or if he was ashamed that he was actually starting to feel something in his chest when he thought of him.

either way, george felt some crushing semblance of guilt in his heart as he walked into class with aching legs and a sore throat.

"did you want me to stay by and work on the project?"

"yeah, you should. we didn't get much of anything done last night. not on the project, anyway."

dream laughed and nodded, sitting back in his driver's seat.

"you're right. promise, i'll do all the work today."

george's smile faltered. he had a million questions on his mind and he figured this might as well be the time to ask them. they were alone. school was far away.

"dream," he started, "i-i mean clay..."

"yeah?" his joking tone dissolved and he turned to george. the tone was serious.

"...what are we? w-what are your plans? are you gonna..." the smaller man trailed off, playing with the hem of his hoodie nervously in his lap. the questions sounded like he had just pushed all of the air out of his lungs forcefully. he was scared.

"am i gonna *what*?"

"...are you gonna just leave me like you do with everyone else?"

there was a silence settling in the car. dream wasn't sure how to respond, while george thought he had gone too far. he bit the inside of his cheeks before then dream responded.

"no, no. i... i would never do that... *to you*."

their eyes met and dream could see tears balancing on george's lower eyelids.

"...what?"

it was dream's turn to look nervous. he swallowed carefully and turned his eyes to the front door of george's house through the windshield.

"i said... i said i wouldn't do that to you."

another silence, this one more poignant and heavy than the last. dream didn't notice while he was staring off away from george, but the other boy's cheeks were glistening in the afternoon sun with freshly-fallen tears.

george was shocked. he was shocked he was crying, he was shocked dream had just said that to him. he was shocked they were still in his driveway.

"b-but," george murmured as dream turned to face him fully, "i thought you didn't give a fuck about anything but your image. your reputation."

dream leaned back in his chair.

"i don't give a fuck about anything, actually."

through his haze of confusion, george scoffed.

"you can't be serious. we've gone to school for years. i've never seen you care about anything that didn't involve how people thought of you." george paused, but dream still refused to look at him. "your grades, your relationships with teachers, your everything. you never cared until someone told you what they thought of you."

"maybe i changed." dream was gripping the steering wheel tightly with this left hand, the other resting on his thigh. he was still focused on something on george's door ahead of them.

"what could possibly make *the* dream change his tune?"

george let out a laugh and used his wrist to wipe away the drying water on his cheeks. the laugh was hollow and fell flat when dream didn't reciprocate it. his jaw was tight, like he was clenching his teeth. a pit of anxiety whirled in george's stomach as he watched dream's unmoving features that weren't facing him.

the seconds that passed by felt like years. out of the corner of george's eye, the car's clock moved forward to the next minute. the air stopped moving and the dust particles floating through the tunnels of light provided by dream's windows seemed to stop, too.

it felt like the whole world was holding its breath, waiting for clay's answer.

"you."

hellboy

Chapter Summary

dweamie gets soft 🧐👉

"what do you mean, 'you?'" george wasn't sure whether he should be relieved, annoyed, happy, or disgusted at the cliché.

"don't make me repeat it."

dream was uncomfortable. he didn't want to look at george. he was scared of what he would see in his eyes.

"c-clay, look at me." george had never seen dream like this. his cheeks were hot and he was avoiding eye contact for the first time since they met. george was honestly worried. he was afraid he had pushed his luck too far.

"george." his voice was deep and serious. "you-we--"

he sounded like george. he was stumbling over his words, and his mind was racing. he didn't know exactly what to say. where did he start?

"...i think we need to talk," he finally said.

dream couldn't say he had the best childhood, nor could he say he had the best history in relationships. he was scared.

"george... i'm scared. i've never felt like this before."

his chest was tight and he found it hard to breathe, let alone talk. it felt like his throat was closing in on itself. never had he ever been so candid with someone, nor had he ever wanted to be so candid.

george just made him feel safe. he felt like he could actually be himself. he didn't have to be dream. he could be clay.

he couldn't really explain it. they had hated each other just a week ago. dream felt like he was on top of the world. he could do anything and no one could touch him. but george changed that.

and for some reason he was okay with it.

he never felt anything for anyone anymore. he was tired of being everybody's everything. he just wanted to be an idea, a thought. he was always interested in the way people pretended to know where he stood on everything despite talking to almost no one. he didn't ever feel like correcting them, because he figured the ambiguity could only work in his favor.

no one could like him or hate him for his opinions. he showed what he wanted, when he wanted. he loved that he didn't ever have to be involved in anything. any "drama" he created was of and for

him alone. he started it and he ended it when he pleased. there wasn't much that could be leaked about his personal life when he was wrestling with the overarching entity of the school as a whole.

it was almost genius. *but it wasn't impenetrable.*

he had always been pulled towards people who complimented his energy, or at least on the outside. there's that saying that opposites attract, but it's not real. the only proof that opposites attract were the fact that clay had two opposite facets to himself. the reality is that people who are similar attract each other.

dream was loud and stupid, he didn't care about anyone. clay was quiet and introverted, he had an indescribable fear of hurting someone else. but they were two different people. dream had his ideals, clay had his. clay had his interests, and dream had different ones.

at some point in the last week, clay became invested in some boy named george in his english class. he was small and quiet. he was a good listener and he was a hard worker. the idea that the universe somehow pushed the two together under the work of a semester final was amazing to him. he had never really believed in a higher power until that moment.

his mouth was moving at an impossible pace as he explained everything to george. he explained dream. he told him about everything he had constructed, something people were so intimidated by that they never got close enough to realize it was a house of cards. tears fell from his eyes, the first time he had wept in literal years.

he explained clay. he blabbered on about all his interests, how he loved coding but never wanted to actually study it in college because he thought college was useless. he loved cats but he could only pay for one because of his shitty job. oh, how he hated his job. he wanted to be independent, he wanted to help other people. his dreams were always to make others happy.

he cried while he laughed at the juxtaposition of "dream" and what he really dreamt about. dream was an asshole, but clay wanted nothing more than to see people smile whenever he did anything. clay had always been someone who aimed to please, which is why he decided dream had to be someone that no one was happy to see.

and george was just sitting. he was listening. he watched as each tear fell from clay's bright eyes. he hated the way the tears made the unique mix of green between the boy's eyelids look foggy and misty. he had never seen dream sad.

but then again, this wasn't dream. this was clay.

"clay," george said softly. he put his hand on dream's arm and sighed.

"clay. i don't care what you are or aren't when we're at school. i love you for clay."

the taller boy looked down at george and sniffled. "you what?"

george realized what he had said and suddenly felt embarrassed. but at least clay was laughing.

"you *love* me?" he leaned over and kissed george gently between giggles. he wasn't laughing at the statement, he felt like he was exhaling a nervous energy he had been holding for days.

"w-well," george muttered on clay's lips, "not if you're gonna act like that."

clay leaned back and laughed again. "georgie loves me."

george groaned and rolled his eyes. "shut up."

clay got out of the car and skipped around outside in a shameless giddiness. george covered his eyes with his palms in embarrassed annoyance as he slumped forward in the car seat.

clay was wrong about one thing.

him and dream may be different in almost everything, but they were both still idiots.

save that shit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"what time is it?"

"ten."

george was sitting in clay's lap furiously typing on the document in front of them. every once in a while, clay would point something out that didn't sound quite right or didn't fit. he was actually very observant and intelligent, george came to realize.

they were two pages into their chapter. clay pressed a kiss into the crown of george's head as he reminded him that he was almost done; the final had to be at least three pages long. george's heart beat faster and he silently scolded himself for the warm feeling in his chest.

the room was silent apart from the clacking of keys on clay's laptop. cool moonlight played on one of the walls in george's bedroom through his blinds. the room was dark apart from that and the artificial illumination of the computer screen lighting up their faces.

clay had his hand on george's thigh, squeezing it gently every once in a while to remind the other boy that he was still there, still awake and paying attention. george would nudge his head into clay's neck, turning to kiss his jaw before returning to work.

after nearly 3 hours, the paper was completed. they both read over it a few times before agreeing it was done. george pressed submit and watched as the confirmation notification popped up. the final was finished.

"good job, baby," clay murmured into his ear, kissing his cheek. "you did it."

"i finished grading your finals last night. i was not thrilled with the amount of people who turned them in at the exact due time, but i appreciate you at least caring about your grade. i will be handing each of you your graded papers. the sheet will show an overall grade for you as a pair, and then it will list percentages and letter grades for each of you individually."

it was dream sitting next to george. the smaller boy wanted to pull his hand into his, he wanted to sit closer to him. but he realized he wasn't clay. he was worried that students would notice their dynamic shift, because the last thing he wanted was to make things harder for the both of them to explain.

funnily enough, those were the thoughts going through george's head as the grades were being passed out. he completely forgot about the final. he would be nervous, but clay's warm words were still going through his mind.

he was proud of george, and of course, george was proud of clay, regardless of their grades.

the teacher was making her rounds through the classroom, and the two boys caught glimpses of students' reactions to their grades. some were elated, others sighing in defeat. there were a few that were staring blankly at the paper, as if they were unsure of how to react either way.

like that first day of the project, dream and george were the last to know their fates. the teacher gave them each a quizzical glance, like she wasn't sure what to think of their unseen results. she pulled the paper out and put it face down on george's desk before returning to her own.

the two boys looked at each other and then down at the paper. who would be the first to look?

in his usual cocky style, dream grabbed the paper off the desk after a moment and looked over the numbers. over the sheet, george saw the dream facade starting to crack through clay's signature smile.

he didn't say anything, but rather just passed the paper onto george.

holy shit.

Chapter End Notes

this is where this story ends.

i truly truly appreciate every comment and kudos from every one of you. i've been in such a dark place mentally recently and writing this story knowing there were people who wanted to read more of it really inspired me.

who knows, maybe i'll do a sequel to this at some point

anyway, i have a lot of dnf fics available to read if you liked this story. the support really does help and i have lots and lots of stories in the works to watch for.

thanks again and i love you all ♥

EDIT: um wtf thank u guys for 3k reads that's crazy

EDIT 2: omfg this is at like 5.5k reads idk what to say but thank y'all sm

EDIT 3: HOLY SHIT WE AT 6.6k i'm genuinely speechless

EDIT 4: HOW THE FUCK ARE WE AT 11k I'VE BEEN IA FOR SCHOOL WTF

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!